

PORTSMOUTH ROMANCES.

Centre About Old St. John's Church,
Formerly Queen Caroline's Chapel.

The Protestant Episcopal Church of St. John's, at Portsmouth, N. H., has just celebrated the centenary of its present name, with two bishops present at the exercises. Here, indeed, is a quaint old edifice with romantic memories dating back to 1732, when Queen Caroline's Chapel was erected on the site, and when word was taken across the seas that it had been so named the Queen sent over a silver service for the altar as a mark of her appreciation. This communion

years—in a pretty humble capacity, it is true, yet on a higher plane than her former forlorn condition of gutter child.

With mop and pail Martha bustled about the great house:

Maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant, who made service seem divine.

Thus she grew from childhood into lovely maturity; and dramatic indeed was the moment when Governor Wentworth commanded the parson of St. John's to make this waiting-maid his wife.

Governor Wentworth was giving a dinner party on his sixtieth birthday, and of course the Rev. Mr. Browne was present. After the third or fourth bottle the Governor hinted he had great news to communicate. And

Rising from his chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Browne:
"This is my birthday; it shall likewise be
My wedding day; and you shall marry me!"

Little wonder the rector was aghast. He had no time given him to think, however, for the buxom Martha was sent for, and her rich and powerful lover began forthwith to "command as Chief Magistrate," so that the priest had no alternative but to:

read the service loud and clear:
"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"
And so on to the end. At his command
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand

service was going on and then handing it to Miss Catherine Moffatt. Mr. Rousselet would sit with the girl in her father's pew, and one day he marked the first verse of the second epistle of St. John. Miss Catherine read, "Unto the elect lady." And then, in the fifth verse, "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

Miss Moffatt entered fully into the spirit of the affair, and relieved the tedium of long sermons by clinching this novel proposal. She in turn marked the first chapter of Ruth, from verses 16 and 17: "For whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

No less a person than Washington himself attended service here in the course of his visit to New Hampshire in 1789, just after his inauguration. The first President occupied the Governor's pew, and, appropriately enough, sat in one of Queen Caroline's chairs—doubtless the one that survived the fire of 1806, in which the original chapel was destroyed.

It was not until 1791 that the parish was incorporated under the name of St. John's, and

MORE ART TREASURES.

Recently Acquired by the Metropolitan Museum.

Among the recently acquired possessions of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is the Gibbs-Channing-Avery portrait of George Washington, painted by Gilbert Stuart when the father of his country was at the height of his career.

Another important permanent addition to the Museum's treasures is a royal christening suit, the recent gift of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, which will form a feature of the collection of nineteenth century lace. What the history of this particular suit is is not known. It consists of a dress and overgarment of fine Brussels appliqué of early nineteenth century work, and the design on both garments is floral, covering the fine net grounding with delicate sprays and tendrils.

The collection of small bronzes for which a fund was recently set aside has been augmented by three purchases of the work of Jules Dalou. One of these, a bronze group signifying mother love, contains a mother looking with keen maternal interest on the face of a sleeping babe which she holds in her arms. Another figure is



CHAIR PRESENTED TO ST. JOHN'S CHURCH BY QUEEN CAROLINE.

service it still used, and also one of the two chairs that the Queen likewise gave.

Her majesty, indeed, appears to have taken a remarkable interest in the church, and one of her most valuable as well as curious gifts was a copy of the so-called "Vinegar Bible," which is shown to visitors to-day. This got its name because John Baskett, the King's printer, in 1713 misprinted the "Parable of the Vineyard" as the "Parable of the Vinegar." This blunder has caused bibliomaniacs to pay high prices for one or other of the forty copies that were struck off before the error was discovered. There are now only four or five copies of the "Vinegar Bible" in existence, and one is in Christ Church, Boston.

St. John's, at Portsmouth, is especially of interest by reason of the stories of its oldtime marriages. Its first rector was the Rev. Arthur Browne, immortalized in the poem, "Lady Wentworth." Lamfellow wrote about one of the weddings at this church. The Rev. Mr. Browne was a Trinity College, Dublin, man, and that London missionary organization the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts sent him across the Atlantic, in order that the colonists might not forget the practice of their religion.

The marriage that made him famous was celebrated against his will. For the Rev. Mr. Browne was a man of aristocratic tendencies, and felt sure that Governor Benning Wentworth was making a grievous mistake in marrying one of his own servant girls, who, it was alleged, had played her cards pretty skillfully, with the great man's fortune solely in view. Moreover, the Rev. Mr. Browne pointed out the great disparity in their ages.

One sees the story by means of prosaic entries in the old record book, which visitors to the church are permitted to examine. The record gives the ceremony no more space than could have been the case had Martha Hilton married the holder of the Stavers Inn, whose mistress rebuked the girl as she passed down the village street. Evidently Martha had no social ambitions at that period, for she is depicted as a thin, bare-footed, ragged girl, with unbraided hair, carrying up from the well:

A pail of water dragging through the street,
And bathing as she went her naked feet.

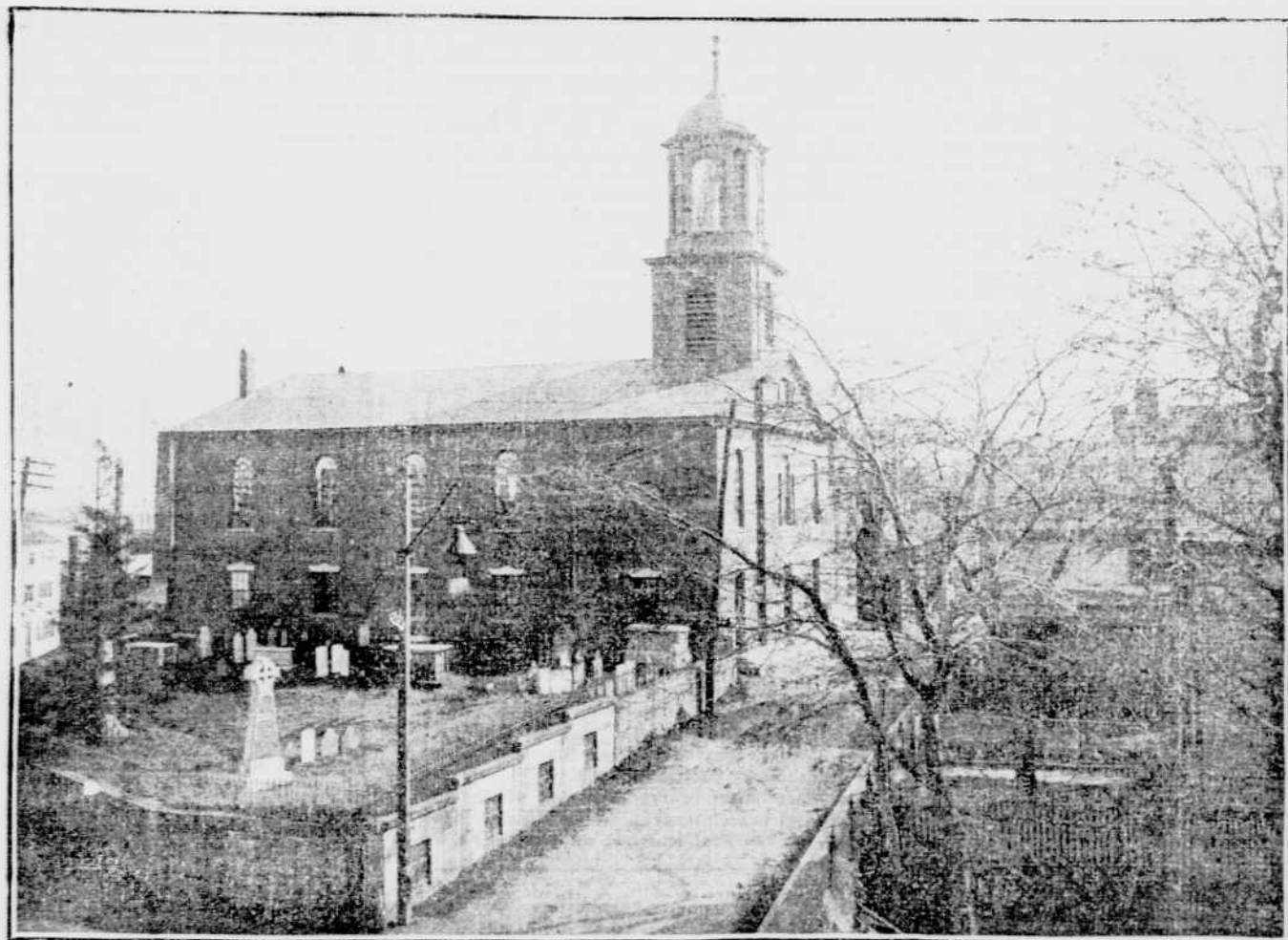
Every school child must know the rebuke of the hostess to the careless girl:

Oh Martha Hilton, get! How dare you go
About the street half-dressed and looking so!

Even at that moment there strode past the inn the greatest man in that country, and with a look of premonition Martha turned upon the nation and with a toss of her tousled head retorted that she would yet ride in her own carriage! The great man as he passed turned and asked at the two. One wonders whether barefooted Martha knew at the moment that here was her knight who was to make her boast come true.

A portly person, with three-cornered hat,
A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane and nicely powdered hair,
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,
Fragrant, stately, lordly, much at ease,
And this was Governor Wentworth, driving down
To Little Harbour, just beyond the town,
Where his great house stood looking out to sea,
A noble place where it was good to be.

The "godly place" still stands at this hour, as the summer residence of Templeman Coolidge. Martha Hilton climbed at least a little way in the world soon after the reproof of our hostess, for we find her a little later entering the service of the Governor, whom she served for seven



A CHURCH WITH HIGHLY ROMANTIC ASSOCIATIONS.
St. John's, at Portsmouth, N. H., which has been celebrating its centenary.

The Governor placed the ring; and that was all; Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!

Here surely was as dramatic an episode as any recorded in fiction. Its date was March 15, 1700. Stranger still, the Rev. Arthur Browne married the beautiful Martha to a second Wentworth. For the old Governor did not live long in the sunshine of his bride's eyes. And soon after he had passed away she went to the altar of St. John's with her husband's cousin Michael, who was much nearer her own age.

No wonder, then, that the first rector of St. John's, Portsmouth, has come down to us as a kind of Friar Laurence, figuring in many romantic marriages. One of these was that of Theodore Atkinson, Jr., a son of Colonel Theodore Atkinson, by whose will a custom of providing a dole of bread each Sunday at Portsmouth still survives. Young Atkinson married his cousin, who as a girl had been the sweetheart of John Wentworth. The latter was away in England qualifying for the Governorship he soon brought back with him, succeeding his uncle, Governor Benning Wentworth, in 1707, and when he returned the gossips tell us the marriage of his old sweetheart did not prevent the passage of ardent glances between the former lovers. At all events, it is certain that just ten days after Pastor Browne had read young Atkinson's funeral service he was called upon to marry the widow to Governor John Wentworth.

And among the curious documents preserved at the church is the bill for the bridegroom's apparel worn at the wedding. Here it is:

	£	s.	d.
To one pair of white silk stocking breeches	1	15	0
To white silk coat, unlined	2	14	0
To a blue corded silk waistcoat		5	0
To a rich gold lace		12	0
To gold button and loop, hat recoiled, etc.		2	0
To three yards queue ribbon			1 3

Yet another story of romantic interest connected with St. John's is the courtship of one Nicholas Rousselet. This gentleman appears to have done his courtship shyly and ingeniously by marking passages in his Bible while Sunday

sixteen years later the present church took the same name. It is worth noting in passing that Trinity Church, Boston, contributed \$1,000 toward the present building.

The quiet churchyard holds the dust of many of the colony's most distinguished sons. In the centre, surrounded by a crumbling iron railing, is the Governor's tomb, where the bodies of Governor Benning Wentworth and Martha, his ambitious bride, rest together. Even in death the Rev. Arthur Browne's name is linked with theirs, for his body also, for some reason, was deposited in the Wentworth tomb.



THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNE.
First rector of the parish.
(From portrait by Appley.)

that of a crouching woman just from the back, while the third, also that of a woman hither, modelled in a sitting posture.

To workers in metals there is interest in a group of reproduced silver dish rings or bowl stands, the originals of which were formerly used to hold bowls and dishes to prevent them from scratching or scorching the mahogany table on which they rested. These date from 1750 to 1800. They were first made plain, with pierced patterns and without ornament, while later they were pierced and chased with animals and flowers. The reproductions in the Museum collection are of sterling silver, made in Dublin, and are faithful copies of old ring, being pierced and chased by hand in precisely the same manner as the originals.

Among the recent loans is a gem from the Henry C. Frick collection, a portrait of Rembrandt done by the artist himself. The painting is of life size. The artist is depicted seated with a stick in his left hand, and from under a dark cap, beneath which a skull cap is visible, he looks out on the spectator. He wears a full yellow gabardine, with a red sash, brown cloak and white neckcloth. On the knob of the chair is Rembrandt's signature, with the date of the portrait, 1658. Another loan is a Madonna and Child by Mino da Fiesole in marble relief, owned by Miss Caroline L. Morgan.

A SETBACK.

First Missionary—What became of those five souls you converted?
Second Missionary—They've gone to take the Kooky cure. Life.

ALL HAIR ON FACE AND ARMS

permanently removed. Anna Julian's Specific has stood the test 28 years; no electricity, poison, pain, protected by law. Cure guaranteed. Accept no counterfeit. Trt. treatment at office, MME. JULIAN, 423 6th Ave. (20th St.), next door Lord & Taylor's.